

DEBORAH ALLBRITAIN

Prospects

Radishes in the garden, Swiss chard, the tart-hot
crunch, all that green sustaining you.

Mornings, the roll of kettle, coffee alone, lunch
alone, the seams of the greyhound's ears calling you to reason.

Even tonight, poached salmon in the fridge, the cucumber-dill
more than you'd hoped for.

If food becomes sublime, let it boil each frostbite
of memory. Sell his engagement ring, the Movado
that can't keep time.

Wear only knee socks as you sleep alone
planted in a purple prairie of sheets.

If you try to figure this out there's the chance of retrograde.

Outside your bedroom window, a tortilla moon, somewhere
one lush island of possibility.